

New Polish Beat Archives #1



A.J. Kaufmann

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Selected works by A.J. Kaufmann

2008-2011

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About

This collection of poetry, free verse, stream of consciousness, gibberish and not so radical cut-ups contains six original New Polish Beat chapbooks published in Poland in 2009 and 2010, and related bonus material. The oldest pieces are “Venice on Fire” and “The Moon as a Talker”, written in 2008, though the roots of “Moon” reach deep into 2005 when the author spent extensive periods of time in Cracow, “writing songs and taking down notes of the night sky”. The latest chapbook included is “Cut-Up 2010”, which contains pieces perhaps read best as appendixes to Basquiat’s paintings. Those six print chapbooks were converted from original documents into this digital format, and put together for the first time as a testimony of the most ignored, radical and experimental, yet still comprehensible, current of the modern Polish poetry scene. The most “conventional” approach to writing is represented by poems from / parts of “New Architecture” and “First Text Only”, while one of the earliest flirts with cut-ups, though without actually using the technique manually or digitally, only on a subconscious level perhaps, are documented by “Venice on Fire” and “The Moon as a Talker”. The progress / current state of Kaufmann’s cut-up technique in the year 2010 is immortalized in the adequately titled “Cut-Up 2010”. “Angelic Ego Freak-Out” contains the title piece, which wasn’t edited or even corrected in any way – this “suite” is a giant stream of consciousness, and the main reason why the word “gibberish” was used in the first sentence of this text – the piece ends with the untitled “Land Your Machine”, later taken out of the context and presented as a standalone poem. “Animal Hands” was written in Berlin, back in 2008, and the chapbook originally ended with two early 2004 pieces – “Tiny Buddha” and “Eloi”, presented here without any alterations. Bonus material includes the never published “Cut-Up 2011” chapbook, also known as “Airy Reels”. Those cut-ups have a strong relation with dub and industrial going on, and its best experiencing the texts while listening to appropriate music. The last addition is “Poet Territory”, another never published New Polish Beat chapbook, which contains selected verse from Kreuzberg 2008, and early 2010 pieces written in Mr. Kaufmann’s native Poznan, Poland, including the full version of “Profession and the Ocean” and special edits prepared exclusively for this collection.

(Thomas Schöner, November 2012)

HALLUCINATION GUILLOTINES

Hallucination guillotines come
Cut the eye
Wide open
Appear to the new
Robespierre

Castles he's built come crumbling down
Young lesbians stare at their dim
Incessant
Corridors

Bamboo dreams
Of a new-fangled creature
Resting
Under cobalt skies
Of upheaval

Cool facade of freedom's crust
Stretched to shape Agony's
Skylight

And Greece is there, corrupted
Changing her
Currency
Often

Fortunes turn under moonlit horizons
Lakes of ancient delight
Tumble
Dry

Imagine a wing for their waters...
Borne to a staircase, eternal

NEW ARCHITECTURES (I)

Continuity fails:
The wing splits open
Nurturing feathers to stones
Ravens to colonnades of our legend

Complex dreams of a better tongue
Fade into shingles of act
And large spaces, poured out, appear
To prove ourselves
Ashes
Of their new

Atrocious
Architectures

Cry be never heard
In the echoed walls
Of this
Cube

Man be never seen
In the rime of his
Scarce
Extensions

And echoes be never carried
Where your tangible feet falter
To stand

Continuity fails
To atrocious
New architectures

FRONT DOOR

Vividly thrown to the basin of stone
Death
Ceases
Pain

The radio only confirms
Our futile
Humorous
Structure:
Mumbles still sunken

Behind the front door
Rejection doesn't matter
And those on your porticos
Are glad to be present...

Their boots are wet
Momentous

Consciously seated in rows of marble
Where
Life
Ceases
Casualties

Those who came through the window
Can now lay amazed

At the rare, precise
Second of Birth
Just taken

IDEA

This Idea came in a dream...
I've seen my hand
Sketching sketches of a Sketch:
Edifices in trance
New Metropolis
Portals of Imprisonment
Novelties of Law
The Young Inhabitants

Unrecognized designs
Follow the first surveillance...

This absent hand
Below REM
Sketching itself
Making those Sketches...
A Lunatic... Ghost... Espinosa...

I've been then taken, Awake,
To an empty field of demise
Where a cognac-colored lady
Greeted me warmly
To show me her acres of futile ground
Black
Insanitary
Brown and golden
As far as her horizons:
Burnt
Grounded
Shells
Of a Vast
Living Creature

NEW ARCHITECTURES (II)

White Rose
Unfolded into assent
Breaking the crystal
Structure

Appearing on screens of fire
Adjusted
To the average
Mind

Submitted to the chaos of creation
Amplified
Broken

A million golden cheers
For the new architecture
Revolution

Spinning to its own decline
10 stories high dictators
Megaphones screech through the dusk
Paths are being chosen

...panthers enter my cellar...
...the one where I made my bombs...

White Rose
Enfolds...
Wraps up Espinosa...

Hides the dream inside its machine
And faints to become a Ghost

HIGH RISE ROMANCE

Lovers stop the droning grisly elevator
"Level one" – gratuitous voices announce
*"Here only red
and a mouthful of sky"*
Buttons being pressed
Fresh synthetic powders
Distributed

Lovers mutely pass the colonnades
Remembering Rand
Skating the frozen lake
Heads down
Hands tied
Fastened

Their replicas make love
In the air shafts:
Crematory
Shadows

Ravens arrive
Smothering the vistas of walls
With frank
Stiletto

Kisses
Crawling up the divided Sky...

Crematory
Couriers
Of chaos

A FUTURE? (GOD'S WIND)

The future looks bleak
A chain of endless airports
Power plants
Prefabs
Runners terminated
Fingertips collected...
The future looks bleak...
And after America...
Can't even envision this horror...

Privacy exploited
Offices merged with your home
Not more separate
Obligatory... Perfect...
But wait... didn't that happen already?

72 sleepless hours... killings... divorces...
...16 hours of work a day... neurosurgery...
(That is if you're lucky)...
Suicides in Japan... TV propaganda...
Famous new kamikazes...
Himmler would be proud

24 hours of work a day
and then you can't even afford a casket...
No leave... no second off... not even then...
You can't even say that you lived...

Psychoanalytic Hades... A Priest for the new Perfect Day

This planet's already a Madhouse...
Youth butchered and deserted...
Ah, the God's Wind...

NEW ARCHITECTURES (III)

Metropolitan Indian leaves car
Eldorado '72
Pink
Unobtrusive

The suit is very tight
Atrocious landscapes
Wrap up the Indian in batons of fire
He remembers that old tribal song
The one that went
"what did you live for?"

Car leaves silent lane
Lights cease their pointless flashes
Move towards the white cube garage
Straight
Unobtrusive

"This must be Xibalba..."
a thought arrives
"I didn't choose the time of this birth..."

Garage leaves ground
Headed towards the New Generator Towers
High
Unobtrusive
Birds stuffed on golden spikes

Metropolitan Indian enters apartment
Jumps from the 99th Floor

In years to come they'll call him
Messiah

VENICE ON FIRE
(dedicated to James Douglas Morrison)

So she slipped right out of my arms
she called it a break-through
of
monkey business
sorts – June on jukebox sorts
sorta tired I guess of the hell-in-a-hole-hell's ass
casino & drink bar
manipulated stipulations
& long-after-moonset
cafe
sway stayin'
starin'
jigjag dollface walkin'
while the city is all but alive
'cept
the bums safely stunned at the station
swarming their novel & poem excuses
for

seamless
monthly
relationship
whirls
& the winter lady hooker's
all-savage
all-American swing

this city looks more like an empty valise
a torn-apart coat
or a manic
stormy
disordered Frankie
blues
blow'd out of a slitherin' baritone
sax

a de Sade sort of thing
I guess so
I mean the way your eyes
deliver
that cool filthy's whore
laid back gaze
& all your wicked
ventilator amusements...

the city locked it in so gently in you
the city amazed and locked in you...

we're hung so amazingly well on our tan
we're
acolyte acrobats
on the
chimney's swift
reality sabers

at the Night Hunter's pen slide's end
& babe you will die someday
from Miss White...

apart from the cool
anesthesia of dawn
& the bassman's ultimate boppy vipers...

apart from the sanity's final refrain
apart from the
2AM
dead father phone call...

apart from the razorblade stunt

in the mirror
and the knife he's still clenchin'
a fist on the hiway...

& apart from the tangos I taught you
to play
& you did it
so well full of rum & still standin'
when Julio emerged w/ a broken typewriter
& said he's now writing
Arabic
only
right on his way
to the Persian dream's raptures

she the very next day slept
then took the next Sleepin' Village train
tip
early enough
I put a dollar or two in her bra
for
one hell of a
gritty
Latina
bartendress she was
on occasions
& the window I broke at her river-by-place
when no one could see it
I called her
Marrika
the true name that's written
in eye's
howlin'
trashcan
wonderin'
why this ain't
Venice

& the way she spoke of Verlaine
made me think of the
rickety summer
alcove
& pray that I was on the same
damn
train
directed into oblivion
& woodyesque
bald
disgusting

the one-man-subway-banjo-band
plays on
the rubber
band song

...woohooooooo... & the train's a-down the raildrain...

we went to the pier by the side of Melinda's cantina
we happened to manage to get there on time:
the goddamn lake like a tire
store room
a fact or fiction
perception
games for three included...

& a lost desolate post fuckin' office
stuffed w/ letters from India & China
dead postmen
& other
sartorial
concerns
of
cello tape
spangled rotary prisms

the tricks she knew for the body
the means to end all
means
of
forgiveness
& put forth the biggest
sacrifice liver
ever
that's yoga

she came for dinner once
left dirty plates
vapid six-year-old
coffee
chili soup
& tapers
seizin' rapists
in the white room
of Disraeli sunshine
and many bearded
rainbows

where dyin' in Paris's the best solution
& all of our duties
come instant

resplendent

packed up the .28
jumboed
the .45
mingled like a black fuckin'
canary
sang some
James Brown
in a coma-like state
of
deservedness
& gothic gospel
Put a needles

she whispered through all of her cavities:
„too much of-a-Bogart you seem, my dear...”
„yes, and I love my dog...”
I added

„the books are a burnin'... your songs are all gone...
Petofi's all stained in
beer & semen...”

who cares for this easy Hungarian wolf
who cares
for beer
when there's vodka & Marilyn upstairs...

now gone and mended at 4:56
got things to deliver
by New Year's Eve
got deals to deal
and a mean mean poker to play
to play durin' wartime
one hell of a bet
& a loser's
rewarding dispatch

& if all the cards ain't jokers
then my name's not
Swietzalsky
and that ain't your deck
by a ghost of chance

the man I love must sleep now deep... sleep now sleep... sleep in the tub....

music boxes gore sometimes
impend

like a fuckin'
mantra
& go into restless stupors
of sex LSD religion

choose a recorder...
the plates are all yours now...

as yours is the priest-handed
man in question...

pinch & turn
the sticky
mantrap jelly
full metal jacketly
glued
all together

the man I love must sleep now deep... sleep now sleep... sleep in the tub....

sleep as babies on butter
while they're cuttin' your head
fuckin'
off

while white death's creepin' up her thighs...
leavin' the mark
of the writer

how in the hell can the canary
sleep
here...

well, this is the story of Wislna St.
or very close
confined/confirmed

yeah, this ain't Venice fer sure
ain't Venice on fire
ain't all the time
death in Venice...

fine young men did sleep on her Islands
guided only by the rusty
crucifixes
of her
breast
& the soap scent
in the ever broken

hyacinth
bathroom

somebody said the city's a cunt
givin' birth to
one-minute
love-cracker
monsters

then swayin' along to some 11/8 vamp
jazz drummers panicked on 11/8 vamp...

the gunslingers frown for hangin' Matilda
on bo very diddly
chessboards

guided only by the spare part kindness
of her
sadistic
coolish
resolute asshole
in flutters

since 1974
five young men got lost in her tangles
of pure vapor sleeplessnesses
explored her neck & hoped for a
sizzlin'
reward
while some of us called it a snatch
L.A. chick
lost pussy

sweetie
I'd never be
the sixth
in the reptile house's
cruel assignments

not in my tower-of-song sort-a-thing
not when LC's
still singin' out his aftershave lotion
& the time of the rovin's still young
& I see him at dive-ins sometime by the docks
discussin' immutely
the future of western culture
w/ sailors of seasons
& seas
too wild
to roam on a boat

what's his and/or drunk on the crappy old waltz
he delivers?

voodoo dolls don't work on me
& spare parts
I got
a-plenty

you're not the Gypsy fortune teller's
or anyone's worthy confusion
daughter
you're not the tattoo
I wear
after dark

you're all tarantulas
& Diegos
I knew – dumb radio DJ's & boasted pancakes

same as the devil was
same as the devil's
got
hold
of
same as the sizzle of prudence
& gore

I traded my beercans for slipstreams of magic
for a buzzin' starlite
machine

I traded my songs for hepcat
uncertainty
of composure...

while all you've got's the TV screen sky
the passing car's
crash
puppy
Holly Buddied
love
the way-too-expensive ticket
& stolen Tibetan flip-flops

yep
the daisy dress makes it all look
more
like unlesly unusual

her body now shrieks for attention

but all she gets
are
carramba mosquitoes & flattened footballs
&
dead by mojo charms
& them partly neoned
Morrison
shithole
hotels
circa
1964

I'm hopin' one day to call it all quits
I'm hopin' one day to get paid
for my slaughterhouse
axes
& sandpaper
voice
above all

yeah, this ain't Venice fer sure
Venice's steady on flame all the time
Venice's high
on MC5
&
Magma's
meadows
of
steel

& yes
I'm the greatest
of spiders

my feeding's place
nearly done
w/ it's dawns

THE MOON AS A TALKER

as you walk past the Florian Gate
the world becomes
an underwhispered lyric
in ragged busker's occasional
tune
or one false note
of his rheumatic
Gypsy
richly ringed fingers
or even a 200 years old tune

straight from his
latest
home made CD

the world becomes a cat
curled pretty well into Bracka St.
& a flag waving „heaven”
while moonlight spills death all across
all lovers...

dirty dancin' at 3AM
then poetry readings
at a sausage stand...

the Time Keeper wishes us luck
he managed to stop
all the clocks
by now

soon all we get to see
be our reflections
in Planty trees & benches 'round midnite
smoke signals

cold cappuccino
&
white umbrella
vita
very
dolce

serenity's cunning gardens... try to portrait
her cardinal rule's
composures
draw it or write it down w/
notes, spirals, whatever
crypts & ovals or badly broken English:
B flat
suits here
best

we're in Cracow's hellpit, dear
w/ no one to confide
in
but the devil in wild red heels
dancin'
the rain dog rumba
in St Mary's Church
religiously drunk
& ecstatic

paradin' in drag
'cross the altar & back

unstoppable echoes crash
velvet
corridors below him
her
explore & rewrite
serenity's cunning
mute
gardens

devil's heels click like dew drops
her decrescendos
immutable

oh... so there you are! we were about
to meet some
where
else
you must've had them bridges
all wrong
the cabman as drunk as usual
autochthon shadow zone
goddamn Gypsy cutthroats
pickpockets
putas
no crossroads here:
& your soul stays where it's always
been
put to
drawn into
put out of
declared
mimosa

you leave cab
ah... so here am I
I was about to buy you some
dyed black roses, but...
mon petit chou...
I just had to get drunk tonight, you see?
spend all my change
for 2nd rate gin
drank it under the
Bagatela Theatre's
gorgeous
curtain wall
giantess
so

bonne nuit now...
you know the fate of all
rebels

leave me sleepless at this here star bench
I'm perfectly comfortable
like that
I know all the bum-poets of
Planty
they're my
ineffable
compadres
some of them family
ramblers to all
sweepers
Winter Street's corners
Birds' Path lowdown palaces
Silver River's
lethal depths
putrefied amongst the
piss
traces
passin' clown's red sunglasses
tombola
prizes
corroding w/ the raindrops
amazingly
slow
putrefied
legislated
lords of God's own wrath
poet's justice
survivor
shells
masters of wino
indiscipline

uncle bloody Corrida Atilla has lost his damn
accordion
again
must've left it at the slums
while playin' w/ ladies
or givin' them boys
what they want
won at poker
or lost at
loaded
dice w/ skull bones

must've painted the basses

in blood and semen
run all over the slums
w/ a razor grin
shinin'
chrome
dementia incarnated
at 4AM
cheap dinner time at
24/h
Greek Bar
the fiddler reminded him, damn it...

fuckin' squeezebox must cost
a fortune
'twas way back
in 1906
and uncle's so easily
rested, forgotten

fucker's deaf
while on cider
& cheap Greek
whatevers

I'll have to go down to the slum tomorrow
& see what the hell
can be done
all about it

la-di-da - rebirth of the cool -
let's declare it - let's face it - let's
immortalize
it
souvenir it
realize it
cum it
refrain it
trash it & can it
perform it
reform it
strike down get over
come on in it
begin it & finish

free free jazz from the jazz
in the free, then free the free
from the free in it
& free the cat inside
the drum

let's be at
the beat let's beat
at the be at
& tap at
train daughters of bop
be bop
were bop
are bop
& will be
bop be at
beat
when they cum uncut
to the be at
soothe swarms of
bodhisattva
raindrops
beatin'
boppin'
replacin'
rebirthin'
the bitchin' brew
cool
la-di-da-la-da-di
the in out inn
& out in out
w/ the da-di-la
baritone rehab
explosion
the interplanetary crumble begins
bars & bordellos wide
open
Earth's dinner is ready
Old Market's filled w/
word whore
volunteers
alien visitors
sniffin' for fresh human meat
sanctuary scenery keepers
whistlers of pre-war blues
gunmen editors
& goofballs
queers & transvestite
lovers
longtime opiate admirers

"Calita, I must be mad...
off the rocket completely, dear
you tell me I'm sane...you loosen
them chains..."
she says:

"I love it when you whisper
dirty Spanish
words.
I love it when you write down
my period. I love reading
dictionaries w/ you..."
sips her Quick Death
drink
entertains the cock
"god, I suppose I'm now
tangled
completely..."
Calita keeps selling her ass
while I keep selling
cheap record reviews
writing poor
swing tunes
for B-class bar brawlers
for movies never
directed & such

guess it's time for a change
for worse
at my
best...
or else, Calita, I'm finished...

his hands were shakin' & so were his eyes
as if dreamin' a dreamless dream
the paradises soft
as expected
no matter how hard he tries
can't write the moon
down
at all...

a mime researcher in the
strangest spiritual hour zones
invisible
octave author
he wrote in Estacadas
bimbos
churches
& strange pictorials
found at untranslatable
ancient scriptures
he had the alchemist's
NACHSCHLÜSSEL
wrong

he wrote on the backs
of 11th century Zen
monks
like we all
did
now didn't we?

his hands were shakin' & that was
a sign
of another
latte
longing

I lit up his cigarillo
& the Zen monks
all laughed
at our clapping
sustained
debates

at the very start of all writing
stands a fortunate monk
who sneers
& constantly
chips

karma... get on w/ the
blues
fang

L.A. LOVER

My little L.A. lover
Asleep in snow
Ended in air
Finding the birds
Playing the dawn
L.A.'s to blame
For the dust on her heart
Shade on her lips
Swollen locks
My muses are dying out
Watching the last ever sunset
From burning hills
Of winter
Holding each other's hands
L.A.'s to blame
My friend

ONE BLIND DAY

Your heart looks dust
No trust with world
No harbor in word
Gone, more eyes
Meditate
See the unseen
That sounding calls
The hear apart
The quill
Painted gold
The soil
Follows your feet
Wherever we should see
The foggy street
Which follows shade
Of marching feet
Peace, now gone
I need a chair
A pensive strength
And western hand
A greater frame
A treasure sunk
A hope, a man
A blind day come

BRUTAL POWDERS

Cloudless building tops
To boundless youths
Beyond invisibly
Marked doors
Losing battling eyes
Adjusting to the light
Lights deny the cold
That's gladness, rain,
That's life
That's tempest
In the red
Electric candlelight
And what do we gain
Caress or explain
Dusk to leaves
Fists to trains
That's patient art
The one unsung
In death's wake
Brutal powders won

THE MYSTERY OF CHRIST

The field – flat, bled dry
The hands – naked meat
The mystery of Christ
Bum nobility
Beneath the gardener's touch
He failed at large
To see
The angel, the art, the hills
The deep far-off touch
Where love stops by to sleep
As all leaves smile
The laid things too
We don't want much
Just a dollar or two
The soul of bright dawn's
Shining in vision
The lonely
The lot
The near – precision
See, be ready, reply
The lobby of your birth
The mystery of Christ

UNBROKEN SUN

The sun – unbroken
Flowers be ropes
Liberty, orgy my day:
The whole December
I've slept with Betty Page.
To finally have no presence
To sleep with someone else
To choose and not be chosen
Again
Lady wise
Distances smile
Moisture
Hearts
Oh by which sign
None but the sign of your day
The sun – unbroken
Flowers be clay
Voices unfulfilled
And caringly beautiful
Fill up the sick green corridor
Provide entertainment
For 23 junkies
Lady wise

Corona climbs
Up your legs
And then, too slow
The other way round
The sun – unbroken
Hatchets buried
Children consumed and happy

CALM DOWN YOUR DEAD

Art is not patient
Shooks to encompass emotion
In tempests it keeps concealing
Twixt fury and arrangements
Of it all we sang on the wavelengths
Originally possessed by the moon
Originally the fever we knew
Be blessed, be fair today
Enter the palaces golden
Calm down your dead
They shall not enter town

ENVIRONMENT

I fade beneath your lies
Dear, it's foolish, it's white
Were we ever understood?
I dread the old joys
Perilous masks
Sandals of god
Sure dead after Easter
Once tender moves were acquitted
We never quite could find them
I fade beneath your lies – too severe
Dear, it's sapphire – the infinite
How can you battle
Such complex
Environment more?

A NEW MAMMAL

I said I'm saint now
Thought-wired to sky
Body grows fat
And I like this new mammal
Evolving timidly out of
This belly
While the sun
Smoothly caresses
The chalky skin of your cheek

In the tangled shroud
Of heroin sleep
I wonder what dreams
You're writing down
Will you share in the morning
Or rather the bright afternoon
No, you don't wake up this early
I go alone for cocktails and rum
Poncho of air and no shoes on
Wonder why they don't see me
As I'm talking to my
Inner Jesus self
Playing riddles on the
Ancient bookshelf
Calmed down with beer
And entirely loveable
Laughing like infant brains
Waiting for the saint
While body grows fat
Yeah I like this new mammal
So much

SAINT LIPS ON THE DONE

Earth's moss coming and leaving
Your mansion
Hates the April grace
Follows the apocalypse
Wrecks the beautiful warmth
Freaks death
Round beloved hearts
Mysterious possessions
Lightless
Round
Treasures
No melody heard
Close the night beat
Angels go West
Death's frail skull
Fatal angels
Deep and singing
Beside the firefly:
The disturbing mouth
Bitter ones, blind
Slow of touch
Angels
Cobweb emblems
As remembrance
Of one, golden hope sun
And one

Mellow moon
It's over
Saint lips on the done

VULTURE'S WING

By amaranth night
Wept the dead eye
Gray kept
Clouds desolate
Coming graves
Comfortable
Splendid hungry eyes
Captive spirits beautiful hour
Clocks
Nectar flowers
She's old, by amaranth night
Wept the white eye
Howled the wolves
Praised climate into soul
Cooled the march
Turned our pain
Doomed, vanished, sealed
Into oceans of silent feeds
Blank dead sheets
Wept the dead eye
Gray kept
Horizons steep
And hard to wander
Every set of lips silent
Arms they leave where death's
fleeting silent
Footsteps come
As eclipse
Or screaming vulture's wing

ANGELIC EGO FREAK-OUT

Fiction... this was fiction, man – easy
rug – bitter bug – I've never had those
pants – she never had a second hand dress,
she called me her beggar – I loved it
(lipstick mural, religion...)

But there were those times – polluted incense
nights – insecticide fingers, token to madness
creeping up my page like a spider

I'll never write prose again – I've no secretary
now, too tired to write down these 500 pages

in fact, I'm afraid I won't finish my latest
ode – it's only 3 lines long, and I've already
got many Bibles

We were together, for lack of better
solution – the way she swayed those
curtains apart, man, I could swear
I was tripping

We were terribly sick – I mean,
manic depression, bi-polar disorder
rarely fit in the bottle – wine was
lesser crime, to orchids.

I bought her Brel LPs, she wanted
so badly to sing – I wanted to sing
so badly, bad, trite boy in a peeling
room, clutching her crazy dreams
his acid
Wings of hyenas, rotten drops of my meat
made into burgers, juicy... standing there
like a holy cow, dreaming bout Indian
meadows

I learned Bhagavad Gita by heart, there
in the womb, watching the world from
electric love-rooms, warmth of red, Ambrosia oozing
gardens – trampled elephants screamed
in my ear – so mother bought a guitar

Umbilical cord my gut – legs the underground
ladder, to deeper realms of swimming pool hell
99 by 9, multiplied yellow air – matchstick
smog dragons

Mirrors deformed, irresolute whispers
sadistic nights on fire, skimming our
beds, writing on tissue paper

Baby's got clocks, inner calm – police
cars burning in primeval distance
shadows of fake, fake law – she cried
out for memory and truth and spirit
I've got no ID now, baby

She said
she wants to be an actress
I always wanted to simply be
As fat and ugly as possible
Have a bitter, polka-dot brain

Grab that pen, you guardian of truth – slam down
your beauty, drop your shit, man – you ain't no
better than me – I'm a musician, singer...
waiter, actor... she's an actress, librarian...
and who are you? A poet?

Funny, I thought we went extinct with Blake – I thought there were none of us left.
I get so many phone calls... my phone is public,
you know? I'll spell my grocery list now. Ready?
Only assholes keep calling...

I know, I sound like Bela Lugosi – but he was a great
European... I've no nationality, friend – and no intent
to have one – I travel freely wherever you play a rover
oppressed by borders of proof – evidence sorely against
the Poet – evidence for Man.

Remember that Doors song – the grizzly bear jaws – Well, I'm inside of that bear. Snoring.
He tastes so bad from the inside – smells so funny – just like this world for the first time I left
your womb in the 60's – the most recent rebirth I remember.

It smelled of human flesh through the chimney,
chewing on bird bones, spitting out tiger's skin
walking on corpses, corpses, corpses – the Earth, a mattress of death, and nothing more – but
cruel
Hindu love.

I wanted to see – they gave me IDs instead of cosmic eyeballs, freight trains instead of
thought and airplanes I'll never fly.

I'm always reborn on Earth – aren't there different planets... the kindness of human visitors
stuns me – they murder for fame, get famous
for murder – and follow this oil religion, or any other
of blood.

Aiming for Saturn, got alpha jerked, honey...
I never got back to life socket void – trapped instead in gears of sycophant buoys, mindless
like jellyfish jam,
spitting their poetry, chewing their weedy whitening bubbles

I'm sorry to tell you this, but Woodstock wasn't really happening, and nothing's changed, and
now you're hearing from Devils and Cops instead...

I was black, left-handed.
Now I'm white, right-handed... o, irony of slavery – now I'm Slavic, not Black... what's
worse, child... a seat in the back of the bus
or no fucking seat at all?

Put White House on the line. It ought to be Black House now – P-funk galore. Can't hear no
jazz, but I hope Obama's hip – no marketing, no prisoner– we, Poles, are so naïve - we still

need those visas to get there.

Where? To the core of what, womb of whom, days of what color gold? I thought true heroes are dead, and we're stuck in this superstore galaxy, advertising sex and crime– fuck those celebrities – I see their cars crashing, speeding towards their well-deserved end.

What kind of friendship wants visas, right after NATO wanted to A-bomb Poland out of the fucking map, to keep the Russians away... in war... we got offered to Stalin with outbursts of rural American/British joy.

As long as there are those visas, I won't come to visit.

You might be drinking my coffee right now, might still see the whip on my back – Slaves to Ubermensch vision – now to something worse – lord knows we've had this "democracy"... for 50 bitter years.

Back to soil from global, back from media bullshit – I should've never turned your TV on to find out what's happening. You forced me, teacher. And you're no good. The actress had books and candles. You've carpets of Chinese slaves – right-winged little mind...

Sing your song... go on, elevate the scum, bury the king... bury Me, that is... I've no intent to stay here...

Jumped out of a window too, in Berlin. Dug that.

Will try again later. Berlin is Babylon, Egypt. U-bahn is Underworld Madhouse.

We'll soon have chimeras and sphinxes back on the street again, hybrids of death and pride, marching ghouls of stolen time, hunting for flux, parasite definite scarves.

What was I thinking? Writing these lines?

Laptop is Scrapbooks? Private is Public?

Bodyguards keep me well away
from all important figures. I'd like to have a word
with some, for real...

They deserve my attention. For I am the pissed-off citizen, ugly freak flag weaving on top of Catholic gold digger temple.

Screaming out "nothing", acting out clowns, rubbing the Pope's Eskimo nose. God, his funny accent... Germans are never good Leaders. They're only some sub-par material for Chaplin's gifted followers... Bavarian Nights indeed, overalls Eden of Beer.

And Poles are way too lazy – they might've helped with the communism, but they started something worse – you know, back in the 80's, there could have been a civil war in Poland. Brothers slaying Brothers, worse than Sarajevo...

Thanks God we had Jaruzelski.

NATO A-bombs, ALMOST on target.

the generals might never know it. But WE KNOW-ALL... so... are you... FREAKED O-U-T enough?

I wanted to search
experience, she wanted to learn
and read – I wanted chaos, dressed

in art's leaves, she wanted those leaves for her teapot
Simple decorative items.

Prozac and vodka – cannabis and cornflakes
comedy writer, a guru
who never read his own lines
cabaret actress, a dancer
who never dances in tune

(Now she's real – I'm still a writer – traveling
subconscious snake realms, pony phallus gods)
I'm back to childish songwriters – I'm one,
don't you know, babe?

I want to live underneath the Earth
breathe roots, touch backwards sparrows
I want to soar underneath the Sun
kiss stratosphere's starfish vagina

I want to sleep underneath the Moon
I'm dead already – floatation the
only solution, white shaman.

I'm sorry to disappoint you, teacher –
but all of my songs were for Sonya – including
those on war and politics
poodles, theater and rockabilly high heels too.

Our houses become a prison...somehow paid
with odd requests – cheerful strings not in store
this is the dawn of true danger – mind games
on mushroom gear and drums, selling ourselves to Muzak
tailored governments...accepting foreign gods
and leaders...nickels on the motordrome...
slob beauty – bumblebee bubble
sun-energized worm rain, ribs and powder
young clapping night

Our houses become a prison...god rope girl, floating
fork, the prize and questioned direction – desert out
on gaudy trains, fantastic nipples, frosty vitamins
of youth – alive orbital thing – solid fence airplane
in safe gyrations, American symbol – asteroids mixed
with books, funk prophet wad
obsolete minutes lost in heartbeat, exploring your
ocean... yeah, I could... kiss... you

Our houses become a prison...happening arms
blow jobs – examine recent years, your tingling shirt lifts
illusion, practical, then alone

possible spare parts
mildly protesting own mouths
grounded against the building
gravity slaves
it's usually Earth, man...
land your machine

ANIMAL HANDS

(X-Berg, October 19 2008)

World servant on vacation... not my life at all
in reality, I have no body, this tiny veil of sanity
does not cover my bare, bloody bones... these bones
are there for you, to spit on their shade and move on
proceed to your notebooks and passions... it is no den
of comfort, no immortal item... no amulet
of the past or things continued... no miserable material
identifying my sovereign chemistry... I smoke too much
my soul needs fuel, I drink too much, my blind environment
bleeds for any comfort, shrooms are never Christ
the Light King, merely transitory demands for fiction
ingoing streams of disintegration, windows of bricks, satisfaction
in eternal exercise... in hearts and lines unknown, voids
and scents of electricity, poisoned crows stuffed with magic
she is clearly Death... broken breath link, faith substance
sighed, the principle view... she is Blake – circled, continual
sweeping of eyes, bourbon is never Christ, a carefully-arranged
dense reincarnation
in animal hands instead

TINY BUDDHA

I believe in a tiny Buddha
Daffodil man
I kiss his stony feet
I stoop about his belly
I ask this fragile friend
How's the weather
Sunlight smiles, irresistible
While patterns of hands
Believe in a giant Buddha
Callous, illusory one

ELOI

We are afraid
In moon's mirror
Below the obsolete wave
Seek shelter
The grain is good

Sky is no prison
We feel alive and brave
On our sleepy islands only
We are Eloi
Deemed to fear
The chalky depth

(Poznan, June 2004)

Devil-Killer

Use time, we apologized
the dazzling, coming face
inside the guts
operation
the big crackling roar
oxygen next
miniature sands date
metal refineries
ring capacitors
boomed at the surface
hamburger orbits
hoarse nerve
of the devil-killer
automatic
lust

Hitchhike the stars

soft fluorescent
space-fitness
on truck, clothes, much stuff
sentient over repainted
patches
wistful, in hope
you're there, here...
I'll be a watch... the cat light
talk waved
keep diving
ground-to-orbit-joint
absence, eyes, thoughts -
including me -
we hitchhike the stars

Engines

engines
flung
half-fused hurt
solar urge

Latin spaceman, pennies
instrument days, calmer, out
commercial side up
another natural blackout
fingers and shoulders, supposed
to join
finished
planning the fix
swaggered sunlight drives
sweating softly
some music workbench

Weekday naiveté

Weekday
pictures of the first dollars sun
bearings, moon
numbers that tower
going gallery out
slim heavily-loaded
official wild burn
griping-arguing-and-planning
two canvas-covered
himself
white
the atmosphere
flamed and unlucky
impersonal first
naiveté

Plum-full nightmares

I'd free millions upper left-hand and walls
perfect exhaled organ
backroom, what difference and blastoff
the darkness soothed
smirked lighted sorrow
eyes with the greys
part but numb
grimly sweaty phone
you drifted price and minds
ludicrous juncture
swamped sorry
plum-full nightmares

Good sky

a ride of velocity over a dreaminess too long of already
questions skipped hurrying the hall
as draped over magic piano

still sepia hands, hot space
gravity fingers
minds swaggered, fortunate thick
gone with the moonlight
white metallic
part-time compartments
stuff feral boxes
waved musing addresses
legal acid and music
strange silicone vacuum
kinetic instruments fail
troubled black sky!
good sky!

Thin eighteen

thin eighteen
wanted far
asked the beauty much
ached dispersal
considering biting hard
the elevator hand
squeak spare out
sure country
air-flasks
laughed
minus candy
wound to ceiling
blastoff fall-sick
side-kick

Coveralls

only growl lightweights
count habits
small pools
call boys
returned drums
waxy touching
cloud little flowers
feminine hissed electronics
haunting suspicions of muscles
slipped peculiar yell
vegetation
think gravity in weightlessness
down in showing rags
no extra coveralls

Pepsi Earth

horizontal fragments of adventure
sour milk
urged blue
wood-and-fabric millions
distant harmonicas
somebody's art
backroom
change, the fragile seed of space
sister of substance
brightening capsule
concessions the rare
simple vapor
moments
re-breathing omission and breeze
the planet grows boots
on little couples
tinted iconic
gasping the molecular night
dryly nuclear Moon
junk Pepsi Earth

The Shine

reproduction fails
to blown dog air
faces bend to the sound
of somber floors
timidly cold
where the wandering corpses go
to anything incredible
in ears of glacier wounds
between the possible
and salvation
night trials lost
blacken the flame
giant's jawbone
longing upon the shine

Great bicycles on river wheels

you are the sunshine, in duty town
carts wriggle
dark aureoles bark
at rain-storms in the mine
lips outlast the strip blaze
this is theater-time
sudden in rays
of spattered moths

the wind's steeple
offers a ceiling
to gloom
harsh deaf pools
in gleaming dullness
great bicycles
on river wheels

Orion dusk and more

The body experiments
rustling the beauty of not
breaking myself
falling to solitude gods
petal hostility
the strewn before the blossom
roll my hymn-books
and secrecy
sitting in Orion dusk
the lady-red
first wings
sparkles lines, ripples
relentless
she of the all
broken hills of dead
crying their walk
tripping
to a stranger night
watching between the frost
and a candle
pavement sheets of voices
lilies in disguise
breathless harbors
afraid of you
young and confusing

My Piano

seeking love
from bohemian balconies
smoke stale wood
in twisted meadows
moving in time
w/ half-crumbling faces
of lovers
morning gargoyles
the bed palace church,
my piano quivers on
young leaves tremble atop
uproar the stars

bathe in corn
corpses in matchbox
gaunt earth fears them
while you and me weave vision
from flower flanks and see
some scales vibrate
some dancers sun-drenched

Gramophone

Full naked brooks
faint in your distance
empty étagère
masts which float on darkness
clattering fools
hovering, passing smoothly
proudly undressed
their open spirals

the brittle few
bold fire thieves
freeze in flight
frail color from tears
with goggle shapes
thru hesitating vengeance
before dry forests
trees like a giant gramophone

Fist and banjo

fist and banjo
slippery mass hull
and dabbed peril
quietly
breathed tools
distributing young boys
thermal weeks
child's cans
biplane recording
radio buildings
business creatures
on horrible eyes
eagle-wise
mail admitted
super-ball cars
and up it tore you
read talk live-more
lips of dr. doom
waving a street
I heard a slide of bombs

the family of your guards
times reversed, the avenues, poles
men-sentence uttered
of narrowed aroma
explanation
postage
body-fields
get high training
on catalyst food
further to coma bulbs
I lift my unneutered strange days

Youth against your volume

cold trains laughed
bubble flared
electrical workers
stopped distilling
preliminary veins
over paragraph windows
machine-gun gas
empty cartridges
electromagnets
bent police gunners
constructed, crossing
murder stream
rolling task powers
experienced are on list
novel national us
get agents
sun cats dance
mutilated body of streets
vibration and science
reversed to drums
glance fields
leave pilots
judge vigor speedups
gentle, soft-fleshed
armors
youth against your volume

Patternmaker

harmonious you
sun-ship's controls
second blue head
ice acceleration
khaki-clad clearer
shell-couch paralysis of attack
dwarfed secretary

foul phosphorescence
millimeter X-ray
membrane superman
outside pages laboratory
brain of excellent telescopes
designer surface receiver
brilliant bug agent
tax expert light
invaders time man
diabolical machine
love-industry voice
lawyer on cubic legs
alien of inveterate edition
mental penetrator
frantic patternmaker

Current

it remained current
loitering, dangling
silence
half-consumed
ragged watts
not aware
pyramids
hangars
telegraph earth
was it you?
the gun replied
no order
end ruins
no magnets
poem
was it you?
muscles
ninety-mile bullet-projector
we have him arisen
sign fell figure
cylinders outwork
gravity bombs away
no time
idea
freeze
you call it?
charge doctors
we box pieces
run emanated
removed
presence – voyage
fumbling

ourselves
was I?
name prisoner
nimbus
which earth was known
of me

Great blonde wonder

heat ray
with first lines missing
be right back with my fragments
broadcast
hero
negative land
silent
zero talk
figure of I
took the auditoriums
by surprise
they gasped
you contain defects
underground cartels
the missed and aroused
you in many bodies
hot
opened unlucky
shock talking
colloquial sun
infinite giant
throbbing wrong direction
leaves fishing
human
delicate
dust

Agent

public servant
clad in bug eyes
fixed
thinking big taxis
told before I spoke
of smoky
over directed
bad beat
too shallow
to soar
but brave enough to fool
the switched poor

publisher

disused
stern mesh
of messy side-street hearts
apply it broken
to your wound
excitement moments
crushed
on asteroid floor

take a world
a cupboard
paint it yellow
twitching knots
of agents
swallowing what's ordered
writing on walls
in nebula city

Airy reels

sound is
and will here
you and the quiet
certain
human beat
without as evidently
dared
I know the sliding grim
I found my ancient knockers

you side and hers
to what?
celluloid carnal
archways
loom
changed
turning on
the faintest of us

with regards, unaltered
can nostrils craft round myself
employee's fingers
arranged by would-glaring
trains
twisted
open Lazarus
the beard and fear

better yards
for my relief
with valuable
madness
what was before?
snaky microphones
are the force replied with war
but we
began using the passages
small, airy reels

Ax

ax effort
hemisphere
wax palace, the click
thunderbolt encounter
moon contact, go with
the hour and children
tongue menace
headphones
do business
paint sheets
make plans
as tramping took time
and made your
eyebrows light
head detached loophole
focused, dragged me love
to which you be mother
Uli – play
shortwave
riddle bass
again

Voice button

pause and invention
feeling low, old thud pocket
doing well, meditating
on another
orbital morning
move
carefully up
have heart, she said, don't
hurry
when chemicals betray
you
join that procession
you first thought

fake

salt cowboy
rises
don't throw him
change
you're my thing
and I changed the other
is it me that didn't work?
leaped cold
his face experiments
with gradually filtered
karma

find steady work
then love
be kicked, get tricked
then push
the voice button

Metal display

I had projectors in it
dangers, swing
brief
littered with love
captured by
heart room
photographers
neutralizing gestures of speech
synonymous when saved
bit
mute

you
stay nonsense else with yourself
the starlight
I freed
relieved
crowding
this head

a certain junk reputation
slowly fixed me
railroads ram away
thunder rolled
wrecks
won't re-use the scraps
generals of confusion
scattered

I fumed
hesitation

its huge perturbing plates
tremble in metal display

BROKEN IS BEAUTIFUL FALLING

in unconscious fascination
while floods go planting the city
and girls hum themselves as hope
pulling in small street tails
west-end truths
intervals of the homeless
and damaged deals
take the cabman where
consternation creatures
wild on the road
involuntarily
attach agonized tears
of neglected, vanished
blocks
to illustrated
remains of eyes
taking the city
by hurt
where broken
is beautiful
falling

OUTSKIRTAL CHILD

life called devils
the morning
sorrow and longing
fingers of native sun
thought only of themselves
blessed in exiled
colors of thunder
the "who", the "so"
of a stormy sunrise
strange vivifying
melancholy
warmth and power
in dead town eyes
filled with pain
where wait of strength
suicide streets
and years of frost
were islands

of I, who
was poor
wrong
and had age
to die like a dog
buried
nameless
unthinkingly
bleeding
on another
outskirtal
child

THOUGHTS ON SONG

you thought that vapor
turns towards song
in the end
a pulling dance of man to boy
moonlight land of heart
thought that world could slip
as we performed another number
peeling our ears

laughter lays on abandoned
years, progress inexistent
those who knew a wonder
better than song
had flowers ship steered
from it, blows and fear
towards their fingers falling
life sights blowing a trumpet
after midnight

headlong into love
flashing with tears
bright brings song of stillness
ocean-wards and rosy
still swelling nights
keep slapping the treasure
no-one feels united
in a monstrous all-seeing eye
no one feels rewarded
dying in sterile sorrows

LAZY FLY

Lazy fly
my ugliest side
nights azure

down in the dumps
steps to nimble bore
up patina trees
fretful in the snow
never feeling this
roughly in the steppes
tides assembled grief
mantles of your psyche
vigils on their ridge
done, forever strange
was her music's touch
skeleton placentas
rode around the stars
aged lands unending
hope that life proceeds
into territories
vast of answered birds

EMBRACE YOU

No reparation – you countermand
these mountains, hold another height...
follow his mind
enough of hierarchy waves
implore and sacrifice, twilights outwearing
stop signs, with sluggish bells bawling
of broken sunshine, nipple-studded
summer graves

life's too long, defend it now... swinging
up and beaming thru speechless seas
on heaven's footsteps, swift and wild on the wing
till moon appears a reflection of feathers
tired cerulean arteries
kneel at humbling walls
and hundred hands of night
embrace you

PROFESSION AND THE OCEAN

We had rum and pretty wishes
on island-ideas
of fault, restoration
and time... but you,
my constant surfing angel
slipping on dust, aquariums crashing
into the morning
you saw the details of sky
spoke of sex
Indian massacres

pirate's fuel
reefs and shark skin... fishes
echoed your grin... then there was
yourself... lost in expedition
with balanced western minds
circling brave for identity
diving in death
of ancient stars, mermaid
horses, drinking cold
salt-water, fading with
a dying nebula – we existed
a thousand tongues and roofs
below... passer-byes to wreck
coast... a year or two ago
what's the color of town now,
my cordial boat still sailing?

Forget it
delicious and peaceful
views now
skepticism saves us
home statue ruins
wish us luck again
my skin's the color of world,
inches of roaring piers, black-haired
dark-hearted, tropically cool
Puerto Rican women
we're out of our
profession

OBERBAUMBRÜCKE

Success
I follow the golden stairs
Beat
within the temple

Fear
love on wings of gloom
Moan
all was these am I

Gleam
nightfall lamp returns
Wild
burdened cold twilight

Sick
thru the world on hands and eyes
Touch

stumbling archangels weep

Love
roaming stranger silence
Tears
marble full moon pyres

Walls
one face and the sky
Lips
Berlin, second class

Here's peace
I rarely leave this place

POET TERRITORY

New walls rise every day, each man is left
shaking, next to the railroad line, Polish
winters are cruel, measuring trains, scraping off rust,
old paint, aluminum swollen eyes, high speed
dancers on linear glass, falling on every mirror:
the next rebirth is closer, a terrible giant
of bathroom wall graffiti, oppression of dogs
in her camera lens, leaning onto each other's
failure, parting ways with beloved folk, fighting
phantoms of coal, running from turnaround friends,
delicate urban deaths, synthetic pastures of god,
time zone choking fingers, while cloths of flesh and dust
uncover the room, so suddenly stripped
off its pride, amazed like you, the woman I'll always lose
and learn to lose again... I'm sorry for the
inconvenience, but this here is cupboard wasteland,
uninhabited poet territory

NOBODY'S BROTHER

Nobody's brother, gray candle in cold sky, burning
dream horizon's dew, dressed in symbolic birds
fever some more, sighing shriveled, dying
in colder groaning, a beautiful muscle
where roses slept of irrelevant patterns
naphthalene's bitter vapor cast the day
into full soft deliverance, a mourning summit
I found and sang about, and seeking held into
its demise, waves of impotent walls
pain of roads in stone, healing a whore again
asking for asphalt, stamped departure
of soul, darling black glare, grief beautiful
men... street love, colors of galvanized eyelids

encasing my sand into books of leisure and lanterns
in pornographic pride, shining through my window
vibrating metallic death, stripping again, magma bulk
of ribbon starfish, the rain and spit pools
in playmate brittle collapse
hollowly wrapping humble souls in dreams
they're not my brothers, I'm sorry

LONG TIME AGO, MIRRORS...

30 strange people in a 2 room apartment
(Paris calling, concise on the line)
We'll get there shortly, only watering your gardens now,
baby, don't cry, we're all alive in this crowd
(and the pebbles, the swans, the orchestra fool
is playing alone, how his table is full) - of dew
and spiderwebs, mirrors she wore for her dress
oh, but that was a long time ago...I confess
now it's only for worse, since we've long time ago
had our best... now I'm your man, so uh, I can relate
to your sweet little mess...
of shoes and rings and guitar strings, whiskey bottles,
razor swing, cool facade adorns the blue
30 strange people in 2 little rooms...smoke and clouds
all around, seasons colorful, exploding in my mind
the room's exploding too
mirrors will watch for you
imploding, imploding's better for you...
than true scar immortal blues